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**MRS. FORBES'S ADVENTURE.**

A VICTIM OF MORPHINE WHO SAYS SHE WAS ROBBED TWICE.

Disappearing from Her Home in Stamford and Turning Up at Police Headquarters, in this City—She Alleges that She Lost Her Money on a Train and that a Cabman Stole Her Pocketbook Here.

Charles S. Forbes, an agent for the Marvin Safe Company and residing at Stamford, Conn., visited Inspector Williams yesterday in search of his wife, Lillian, who left her home at the Arlington House in Stamford on Wednesday and failed to return.

Mrs. Forbes is addicted to the morphine habit, he said, and only last May was taken home from the Asylum for the Insane at Middletown, N. Y., where she had been confined several months.

Her conduct was regular, Mr. Forbes stated, until very recently, when she grew restless, and he suspected that she was using morphine freely.

On Wednesday night he received a telegram from her asking for money to come home with, and saying that she had been robbed. The dispatch was sent from the branch office of the Western Union in Broadway near Houston street.

Mr. Forbes instantly started for this city, arriving here at midnight. He had sent his wife an order for money to pay her way home, but she did not arrive.

On reaching the telegraph office he learned that his wife had been there, in a very excited condition and had hastened away after sending the telegram. After she departed, one of the messengers picked up on the floor a pawn ticket for a sealin' muf.

"She wore a valuable sealin' muf," said Mr. Forbes to Inspector Williams, "and that will go next."

When asked if he had made a diligent search for her, Mr. Forbes replied that he had not. He said that he had done everything in his power to make her surroundings comfortable, in hope that her mental balance might be recovered.

Last summer he took her to a fashionable hotel at Lenox, Mass., and her quarters in the Arlington House at Stamford were especially pleasant.

Inspector Byrnes promised to do what he could, and Mr. Forbes went away.

But Mrs. Forbes saved the police the trouble of searching for her. Last evening she entered Police Headquarters in an excited state of mind and complained that she had been robbed. The first time, she said, was on the New Haven Railroad train, coming to this city, when \$100 was stolen from her.

To secure funds, she said, she pawned her sealin' muf, valued at \$300, to a Bowery concern for \$60. As she was entering a cab for leaving the pawn-shop, she declared, the driver pushed her into a side pocket, took the muf, and drove off.

An ambulance was called and Mrs. Forbes was sent to Bellevue Hospital. The surgeon there said that she was suffering from hysteria. The morphine, aided by liquor which she admitted had been taken, brought on a temporary fit of insanity.

Mr. Forbes took charge of his wife this morning and will remove her to her home in Stamford, where he will be closely watched to prevent another outbreak in the future.

The robbery story, Mr. Forbes and Inspector Williams believe, has no foundation except in the insane wanderings of Mrs. Forbes's mind.

**FRANK McNEALLY IS HOPEFUL.**  
Belief That a Compromise With the Saco Bank Officials Will Be Effected.

**HALIFAX, Dec. 24.**—Henry McNeally, the brother of the Saco Bank defaulter who was captured here yesterday, cannot reach here until Sunday afternoon. It is not admitted that he comes as envoy plenipotentiary of the Saco Bank or that a compromise will be the order of the day.

As the home is not here, it is more than probable that Henry took them to the States with him and ere this they are where the Saco Bank people can find them. In the mean time the young bank robber is in safe-keeping.

It is allowed the liberty of the Marshal's office, and has not been subjected to the indignity of a felon's cell. He is very hopeful, and says that when his brother arrives he will know just how the bank people feel towards him.

The State of Maine so far has taken no official notice of his capture. This is known here to mean that the State officers know the defaulter cannot be extradited. His capture has created a great sensation.

No one knew that the young man was living here in the most fashionable house in the city until the Boston Herald's column, from which we have taken the foregoing, arrived and gave the official information to the representative of the United States Government.

**Claiming an American Fortune.**  
[From the Fall River Gazette.]  
A claim has just been made on the treasury of the State of New York for a fortune of \$100,000, which has been lying there for nearly twenty years, by the children of Dr. Keeney, the well-known English barrister, who was disbarred for his course in the case of the Tichenor claimant. The romantic story of the claim says the Anglo-American Times in brief: In 1819 a fortune of the great sumptuous heirs, a colonel of the Fifty-eighth English Regiment, was ordered to Canada, and brought over with him two motley boys—Edward and William. Upon returning subsequently he left the boys in charge of a French priest at Amherstburg, Ontario. The boys, it seems, grew tired of school life, ran away, and were never afterwards heard of by the old colonel, in spite of every means having been used to trace them. Years later the colonel died in England. Edward, the elder brother, went to Michigan, where he made a fortune, and returned to his father's home, where he was known as a miser. In 1867 he died, leaving a fortune of \$100,000. He left most of his money to found an orphanage, but before the courts the orphanage bequest was set aside, and the money was placed in a trust. A few years later the orphanage was destroyed by fire, and the money was placed in a trust. A few years later the orphanage was destroyed by fire, and the money was placed in a trust.

**Protest Against Randall's Appointment.**  
CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—A protest against the appointment of Samuel J. Randall to a place on the War and Means Committee is to be gotten up by prominent Chicago Democrats during the holiday season. The protest is an editorial writer on the Chicago Tribune and sent to Speaker Carlisle. It was started at tonight's meeting of the Tariff Reform League at the Sherman House.

**A Person in Science.**  
[From the Boston Herald.]  
Man is 60 per cent. water. That is why a bell makes him hot.

**PUPILS GIVE A MATINEE.**

"Les Precieuses Ridicules" and "The Winter's Tale" by Members of Mr. Sargent's School.

The members of Mr. Franklin H. Sargent's New York School of Acting gave an extremely interesting matinee yesterday, producing Moliere's "Les Precieuses Ridicules" and Act IV of "The Winter's Tale." Everything that could be done in the way of scenic effect to enhance the value of the production was done, but the young student-actors entered so thoroughly into the spirit of their work and evinced so unmistakably the signs of Mr. Sargent's careful tuition that the success of the entertainment was due to them entirely, and not to the appointments.

The novelty of the performance was "The Winter's Tale," in which some delightful rural pictures were presented. The shepherds and shepherdesses in their frolics were marvellously natural, and their laughter seemed to be entirely spontaneous. Miss Elsie Lombard was Perdita, and she was the least interesting feature of the performance. Her gestures were extremely labored and her utterances affected.

Young Mr. Ernest Sterner made a capital Autolycus, his impersonation of the rogue being extremely amusing. Disguised as the peddler, he sang in tune, which is an extremely unusual occurrence with actors who make no specialty of their voices. Mr. Alfred Young's Florizel was a careful performance, and Mr. Buckland, as the old shepherd, did nicely.

In "Les Precieuses Ridicules" Miss Vida Croly and Miss Harriet Ford, an extremely handsome young lady, played the parts of Madelon and Catharine. Mr. Harold Harrison, who played Gorgibus, has a great deal to learn. He would have been better as one of the porters.

**GOOD WORDS FOR COHNFIELD.**  
Former Employees of the Absent Feather Merchant Rise in His Defense.

The old employees of Isidore Cohnfield have a good word to say for the absconding feather merchant, notwithstanding the charges made against him by his creditors.

Mr. Cohnfield employed nearly five hundred hands, mostly women and girls, and his workshops are said to have been the most cheerful and best ventilated in the city.

This morning Miss Mannie Smith, of 18 Jefferson street, and Miss Annie Morris, of 24 Fulton street, lately forewomen in the assorting and dyeing departments, called at the office of THE WORLD. They said they were deputed by the whole body of employees of Mr. Cohnfield to denounce the publication of the harsh terms said against Mr. Cohnfield by his creditors.

Mr. Cohnfield, they said, paid the best wages in the city and treated his work people well in every respect. Since his departure the place had been closed and some two hundred of his hands were out of employment.

These are nearly twenty other feather houses in the city, but all are very small and they only pay 30 cents a dozen where Mr. Cohnfield paid 50 cents. Those who get work can earn \$6 or \$7, instead of \$16 or \$18 as heretofore.

The Committee decided the attack on the absent Cohnfield to the jealousy and enmity of the rural feather manufacturers. If Mr. Cohnfield had a fair share, they said, he would come back, pay his debts and become once more a large and liberal employer of skilled labor.

**MAJOR HAGGETT'S FUNERAL.**  
Crowds of Friends and Army Comrades View the Veteran's Remains.

In the sitting-room of his late residence, No. 225 East Forty-ninth street, last evening, in the presence of hundreds of friends, the last funeral services were held over the remains of Major James Haggett. From every club and organization of which he had been a member came deputations to pay tribute to the man who had been a strong supporter of the Union in the late war.

The services were conducted according to the ritual of the G. A. R., Reno Post, 44, of which he was a member, taking charge of the ceremony. It will convey the remains to their last resting-place in Greenwood Cemetery this morning.

The pallbearers consisted of the late post from the Green Guard, Henry C. Perley, Watson Bradenburgh, John Sweeney, Robert Wall, John D. Sullivan, and John E. Sullivan. The casket was borne by the Irish National League, the remaining pallbearers were John C. McElroy, William Carey and Adjutant Moran, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. Of the others present was a delegation from the Maine Council of the Irish, consisting of John P. Ryan, J. W. Quigley, Francis Crawford, J. P. Sullivan, J. S. Horgan and R. J. Kennedy. The Young Men's Association, of Battle of Gettysburg, and the other organizations were represented by Assistant District Attorney Fitzgerald, Mr. J. H. Wallace, Thomas Corbett, John Devine, Joseph Parker, ex-Alderman Robert McElroy, ex-Judge Herman, ex-Alderman John Carroll, John Sullivan, ex-Senator John J. Boyd, ex-Alderman John Hayes, Dr. George S. N. Edman, Dr. John L. Nagle, of the Board of Health; ex-Assessors Horatio J. Brown, Major Greene, Counselor Arthur J. Delaney, Col. George J. Van Brunt, Capt. McCallister, Dr. McElroy, John P. Sullivan, Dr. H. C. Cassidy, Secretary of the Board of Health, J. P. Farrell and Denis Spillane.

The reception-room where the services were held was a hall of the city, and the casket, made of oak, was heavily draped and on the cover lay the hat and sword of the dead soldier. The service opened with the playing of the Battle of Gettysburg, and then the Rev. Dr. McElroy delivered the oration. He spoke for twenty minutes and dwelt on the life of the dead. Major Haggett was a native of Ireland, and was a member of the Fifty-ninth Regiment, and served in the war. He was a man of great courage and was a member of the Fifty-ninth Regiment, and served in the war. He was a man of great courage and was a member of the Fifty-ninth Regiment, and served in the war.

When the address had concluded the ritual was proceeded with. A eulogy was read by Rev. Dr. McElroy, and a prayer was said. The casket was then placed in the hearse, and the funeral procession started for Greenwood Cemetery.

**Noted Club and Family Cooks.** See the Sunday World, Three cents.

**Mr. Manning's Vitality Exhausted.**  
SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.  
ALBANY, Dec. 24.—Mr. Manning's physicians say that he may live through the day, but that he cannot survive another night. His vitality is almost exhausted.

**A Daring Imposter.**  
Is the title of Major Alfred R. Calhoun's new story in the New York Ledger. Out to-day. For sale at all news stands.

**Rocky Lake Headquarters.** 25 Warren st. and 101 Broadway.

**NO NEWS OF THE RAFT.**

It is Drifting Somewhere in Mid-Ocean, and Mariners are Very Cautious.

About the most acceptable Christmas gift to mariners now would be information that the derelict monster raft that has been cruising independently in unknown waters for the past week had been captured and safely towed to port. Unfortunately, however, such information as yet is not forthcoming.

Since the Government vessel and the tug Morse start in pursuit of the raft there has been nothing heard from them.

No incoming vessels have reported sighting the log structure, and from every indication the desired news will be a long time reaching anxious shipowners.

There is no information to be obtained at the Maritime Exchange, or at the office of Bowring & Archibald. At both places the newspapers are being depended on for the first information.

At the Exchange there are many plausible but hardly practical theories advanced as to the whereabouts of the raft. It is an easy matter, say the young men in charge of the hydrographic office, to point out upon the elaborate map the position of the structure when it was abandoned, and from these, by knowledge of tide and currents, to put one's pencil on the spot it would be after a four- or five days' drift.

Theoretically, that is all right. Practically, it does not amount to anything. And again, there is materially more of the raft under water than above, so that the tides would exert a more powerful influence than the wind.

It is a fact just the same, however, that the changing winds are what will cause the difficulty in placing the raft. If one could figure on a permanent wind from any quarter, he could be guided somewhat in his search.

With a wind from one quarter to-day, and from all the other points of the compass the next, taken in conjunction with the action of the currents, leaves one in as much of a quandary as ever, so that while it may be safely said that the logs have probably moved southward, and are now in the course of steamships, from Mediterranean ports, at least, if not in the course of all transatlantic steamers. Nothing more can be predicted safely about them.

The greatest confidence is placed in the commander of the United States steamer Enterprise, which is making a search for the derelict.

Those who know Capt. McCalla declare that if any one can find the raft it will be he, and he has started in pursuit of it. He will not abandon the search until his massive cables are attached to stem and stern of the structure and it is safely being taken to port.

Instructions have been given to bring it to the nearest port, and the commander is confident that it will be found, if ever, the information will be not long in reaching this city.

News is being hourly awaited, and each incoming steamer is closely watched and questioned as to any knowledge of the dangerous float.

**THEY WANT FIVE DAYS' PAY.**  
United Labor Party Election Inspectors Considering How to Enforce Their Claim.

A meeting of the United Labor party inspectors of election was held last night at Columbia Hall, 1210 First avenue, near Sixty-fifth street. They claim that they are entitled to five days' pay like the other inspectors, although they served only one day, and want the meeting was to take action to enforce their claim.

It was decided to form a temporary organization. Moses B. Cohen and James H. Dillon were elected temporary Chairman and Secretary, respectively.

Among those present were Lawyers Robert N. Waite and Morris W. Hart, defeated candidates of the party for Judge of the City Court, who will prosecute the claims in conjunction with such other counsel as may be retained.

It was resolved to hold another meeting at the same place on Thursday evening, Dec. 28.

**The Cherokeses Bury the Hatchet.**  
TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Dec. 23.—The bitter fight between the Downing and National parties over the recent election in the Cherokee nation came to a peaceful end to-day. The Council met this afternoon and decided to accept the vote of the National party, and to elect a candidate for Chief, who was declared elected, and the chief obstacle to harmony being removed, the Council proceeded to adjourn.

Special Agent Armstrong returned to Washington to-night.

**To Convert the British Debt.**  
LONDON, Dec. 24.—The Standard in its financial article says: "Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has sounded the leading bankers and financiers with reference to the conversion of the national debt. He contemplates a big operation and the conversion of three per cents into two and a half per cents at one jump."

**Christmas Guests at the Hotels.**  
WILLIAM C. GODDARD, Secretary of War, is at the Fifth Avenue.  
Dr. D. A. Pignatelli, of Philadelphia, is at the Morton House.  
F. R. MacLean, M. D., of Washington, is booked at the Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Berry Wall occupy a suite of rooms at the St. James.  
Prof. and Mrs. A. Harkness, of Brown University, are at the Glen.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens and Miss Dickens arrived yesterday at the Everett House.

Congressman and Mrs. J. A. Davenport register from Washington at the Everett House.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sullivan are at the Arlington.  
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At the Grand are Commander T. Rogers, U. S. N., Lieut. John A. Ferry, U. S. N., and Lieut. C. J. Bailey, U. S. N.

Princeton College has let loose her undergraduates, and their names are written on almost every hotel register in town.

Three capitalists are now at the Hoffman—A. G. Northrop, of Chicago; A. C. Tyler, of New Lebanon, and Mark A. Smith, of Andover.

Gus H. Tilden, of New Lebanon, is among those who are contesting the will of the late Samuel J. Tilden, and makes the St. James his stopping place while in town.

At two rival hotels are two men who have lately become rivals—Frank J. Sullivan and C. N. Feilner. The latter is the manager of the St. James, and the former is at the Hoffman.

**MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR ALL.**

HOLIDAY SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN CITY STREETS AND HOMES.

An Extra Quarter that Brightened a Squalid Home—Christmas Trees Ready to Bear the Most Remarkable Fruit—Expectations from Three Holidays All Together—Many Kaffies to Take Place To-Night.

It was very cold last evening, and the whistling wind that came rushing down Grand street must have cut clear through the thin trousers and thin legs of a bent old man who stood before one of those fearfully overladen stands—overladen with great heaps of tawdry and gimcracks—with a far-away, dreamy gaze.

A World reporter stopped close beside the figure. The face was wrinkled and gray. The hair was very thin and grayer still. The hands were plunged down deep into the big pockets of a thin old overcoat, the collar of which was turned up.

The reporter shivered in his ulster, but the thin-clad figure was even too absorbed to shiver.

Then there was a sound like the soft, first chirrup of a chicken. It came from the right-hand pocket, and, glancing over the heterogeneous collection on the stand, the reporter speedily jumped at the conclusion that the thin and wrinkled right hand was squeezing the chirrup out of one of those rubber eggs from one end of which appears the yellow beak of a rubber chicken, breaking the shell.

"That's for the baby," mused the man; and he drew forth the other old hand and counted in his palm 25 cents. Then his old eyes wandered over the articles on the stand again.

So absorbed was he that he heeded not that another quarter was dropped into the half-open palm. Presently, when he had selected a bristling bunnion Jack-in-the-box, and turned to his money again, he was so astonished that he dropped the jack and teetered both hands to counting, holding the piece up to the flickering flame of the gas lamp, and that set off hurriedly down the street.

The reporter followed him and saw him purchase a Jack and a little book and a little sack of candy at another stand. Then the man stood still for fully five minutes, and the reporter, who was standing by, was so completely overwhelmed by the responsibility that was upon him to spend the windfall quarter judiciously, for the small change was all gone.

At last he hurried to a bakery, and there a baker filled with cakes, doughnuts and a wee little pie was secured, and a few remaining pennies coaxed an Italian fruit vendor to drop three big red apples into the big pockets of the old coat.

The reporter saw the old man finally enter a narrow hallway, which led to one of those dismal, dark and filthy, rear tenements of which the city ought to be ashamed, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had added 100 per cent. to the Christmas celebration of three little ones to whom Christmas is largely a legend.

Christmas is essentially the children's holiday, and he who fails to make at least one child joyful who would not otherwise be happy has lost to himself one piece of happiness. If you don't believe us, try it!

For a month the streets and avenues of New York have been full of laughing, joyous life. For a week through, swarms of fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and sweethearts and sons and daughters and sweethearts have been going about among the shops with light but desperately secret hearts, with their hands on their pockets, and their eyes alert for some things to remind dear friends that Christmas is at hand.

The whole city is gay to-day in anticipatory pleasure, and to-morrow morning, while the chiming of Old Trinity are pealing forth the anthems of the coming of the manger-cradled babe of Nazareth, half a million children in this big town will be awakened and know that this is the day when they sleep.

**GIPTS FROM SANTA CLAUS.**  
Employers "give something" to their hands, and it is surprising the number of presentations which are made at Christmas to bosses, superintendents, clerks and honorables by spontaneous delegations, a "few friends" and the like.

And the beauty of it all is that whether your gift be a sealin' muf, or a gold watch, a jumping-jack or a nickel's worth of sweetmeats, the receiver is made happy, and you are yourself in a better mood.

Christmas trees are being set up and pruned to-night, to-morrow night and Monday night in ten thousand homes, and Santa Claus will appear in a hundred places at once most unaccountably.

The trees, all ready for setting out in the genial soil of New York homes, have been coming in by the carload from the mountains of this State and Pennsylvania, and now, blanching faces out of the forest, will blossom and bear most remarkable fruit, to be gathered by the ubiquitous Santa Claus.

Big stockings, just right to hold sweetmeats and little stockings in a heap, which wondrous dillies and prancing horses and elevated railway trains may be crowded, will be hung to-night by the fireside by the little people whose faith in Santa Claus puts the distrust and watchfulness of their elders to shame.

And there will be many stockings unworthy the name—stockings without toes or heels, and their wool will not be stretched too much by the Saint's gifts to-morrow morning. Then, in some places, there will be no stockings at all, and perhaps it is as well, for Santa Claus has lost many names from his directory.

But in the main—why not say in all?—Christmas will be a jolly day. The elevated trains to-day are packed full with people who carry enough bundles and packages of presents to fill the trains comfortably, and if it wasn't for the holiday feelings of the trainmen they would swear and jostle and order people about more gruffly than at other times of the year.

Of course there must be Christmas balls and parties, Christmas would be almost a mockery without them. But the balls will not come till Monday night, and then Christmas will be given a wind-up commensurate with its three days of celebration because it falls on Sunday.

The saloons have been decked out in holiday dress, too. The free lunch will grow into a regular out and out feast to-night.

Raffles will come off in half of New York's saloons to-morrow, and by the judicious expenditure of \$10 or \$15, the merry raffle player, may, if he is lucky, carry home a fat and juicy five-pound turkey to his family in the early morning, and brag of how he won at the Christmas raffle at Murphy's for the next twelvemonth.

And the Christmas dinners that will be

**BUYING TOYS FOR THE CHILDREN.**  
May every one of the half million find in his or her stocking something to bring forth a shout of delight. There is no Christmas chime so beautiful, no carol so sweet and melodious as the joyous laugh of the child who has been kindly remembered by Santa Claus.

Everybody is or should be happy on Christmas. Everybody is or should be getting ready to be happy for a week at least. The elevator boys in the big buildings downtown have festooned their cars with holly and ivy and roses, and stern business men who have done nothing but grumble for eleven months and some odd days permit the lines of their faces to relax under the influence of the ap-



proaching festival and slyly drop quarters into the hand of the "hoist-boy" and poke good-natured jokes into his ribs with their thumbs.

The telegraph messenger boys get special tips and the "Merry Christmas" card on the castor at the restaurant makes the busy diner become suddenly extravagant and gorge himself with roast pig or turkey and cranberry sauce and recklessly finish up with a silver "Merry Christmas" to the waiter.

The more thrifty of the bookshelves decorate their library chairs in holiday green, and they too are "remembered" by their patrons. Newsboys gather in a dollar or two "scale" during the day from buyers of papers.

**HALIFAX'S DYNAMITE HORROR.**  
Details of the Explosion by Which Four Quartermen Were Blown to Pieces.

**HALIFAX, Dec. 24.**—The following details have been received of the dynamite explosion at Brookfield, by which Alexander McDonald, James Hoffman, Edward Wessell and Finlay McDearmond were killed and Harry Hinds and Harry Harris wounded.

The men had been in the habit of thawing out dynamite cartridges by a fire in the pump-house. Last evening, however, McDonald decided to thaw out a kettle full of dynamite cartridges in the dwelling-house occupied by himself and several of his men. His cook, Mary Harris, expressed her disapprobation of the proceedings in that house, but McDonald laughed away her fears.

Yesterday morning at 5 o'clock the kettle was placed upon the fire. Mary Harris again cautioned McDonald, but he smiled and said that everything was safe. The cook then proceeded to get breakfast for the men. Shortly afterwards the explosion occurred, and McDonald and three others were hurled into eternity and their mangled bodies buried under the debris of the building, which was torn into splinters.

The men at work in the quarry heard the terrific blast, and knew in an instant that the dynamite had exploded. They rushed with blanched faces out of the rock, cutting up the hill to the ruins. The first victim discovered by the quartermen was Alexander McDonald, the proprietor and superintendent of the quarry. His body lay in a heap, mangled beyond all recognition. The face was blown away, the hair hung in tangled masses down the back of the head, attached to which were pieces of the scalp. One hand, originally raised in front of the face as it to ward off the blow, was literally torn to shreds, while the arm was devoid of clothing. His legs were cut in a hundred places and the bones broken and protruding. One boot was gone from a foot, and the toes it once contained were hanging by a thread of flesh. The appearance was awful in the extreme.

The unconscious form of Mary Harris was next recovered, and shortly afterwards the bodies of Edward Wessell, James Hoffman and Finlay McDearmond were found, dismembered and terribly burned. The remains were placed in boxes to await the arrival of the coroner.

**Berlitz at Seabright.**  
SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.  
SEABRIGHT, N. J., Dec. 24.—The dry-goods store of Simon Levy, at Seabright, was entered by burglars last night and robbed of nearly \$500 worth of goods. The thieves got in by prying off the door.

**Herr Posner at Here.**  
SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.  
ERNEST Posner, the distinguished German actor arrived this morning by the steamship Aller. Herr Posner went to the Hotel Belvedere, where he will be seen in his course at Gustav Ambert's Thalia Theatre.

**Capt. Stephenson's Command.**  
Capt. John T. Stephenson, who was promoted from the rank of sergeant by the Police Board yesterday, has taken command of the Tremont police. He succeeds both to the rank and precinct of Capt. Robbins, retired.

**A New Year Resolution.**  
One of the best ways to begin the year 1888 would be to buy No. 40 of the New York Ledger, containing the opening chapters of "A Daring Imposter," the story of an innocent convict. Out to-day. For sale at all news stands.

**1 O'CLOCK Edition.**

**CODMAN'S WILL BROKEN.**

**RAD NEWS FOR THE HANDSOME MRS. VIOLET KIMBALL.**

A Boston Jury Finds that John Amory Codman was Not of Sound Mind When He Made His Celebrated Will, and Further that He Was Unduly Influenced by His Mistress and Others—A Curious Case.

**BOSTON, Dec. 24.**—The jury in the Codman will case agreed on a verdict about 11 o'clock last evening and went home after filing in a sealed verdict.

The news of this fact to-day filled the courtroom with a crowd of the spectators who have attended the trial so constantly since its commencement.

The Judge announced the result, as follows: "The jury agree that the will and both codicils were legally executed by John Amory Codman, but that he was of unsound mind at the time when each was made."

"They agreed that the will and the first codicil were produced by the undue influence of Mrs. Violet Kimball and Mr. Dexter, and the second codicil by the undue influence of Mr. Hodgdon."

**THE READING ROAD STRIKE.**  
Will All the Employees Join in the Movement?

**PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24.**—Over one thousand of the Reading Railroad's hands in this city struck yesterday. Coming on the eve of a great crisis in the anthracite coal regions, where many thousands are waiting the decision on the first of the year of their wage demands, this action is full of danger.

Should the miners be met with a return to the old scale, a strike of the coal handlers along the entire line of the Reading is possible. Such a strike would cause a total suspension throughout the entire coalfields.

At Port Richmond every man in the company's employ who belongs to the Knights struck yesterday when the railroad paid union men to discharge non-union freight handlers. The company had a large force of policemen to protect the men who had taken the places of those removed, and a number of Pinkerton detectives to identify the ring-leaders in case of a disturbance.

At Elizabethport the men who refused to load coal sold to Cox Bros. & Co. upon a barge of that firm, numbering about fifteen hundred, were discharged. The objection to Cox Bros. is that their men are on strike and the firm does not pay union wages to its miners.

The developments at these two important points show an entire change in the attitude of the Reading Company in dealing with the men who belong to the Knights of Labor. This is important, in view of the fact that the company has been over a year out of the control of the receivers and into the active management of President Corbin. Heretofore all trouble has been smoothed over. Now the intention here has been to identify the ring-leaders in case of a disturbance.

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